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TRADE WIND LYRICS

By Herbert Mayres



"LITTLE BROWN MAID"

[PAGE 55]

Trade Wind Lyrics

of

Aloha Land

And Other Verses

By Herbert M. Ayres
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no. 1

ALOHA!

*Over the seas of sunset, over the water blue,
Come to Hawaii's golden isles—we long to welcome you;
For you the fairest garlands, for you the sweetest song,
For you the best aloha, are waiting—come along!*

THERE'S ALWAYS A GIRL AT HOME.

Ere ever the dawn of that fatal morn in the days when
the world began,
The way of a man with a maid has held, and the way
of a maid with a man;
There's little of good in a lonely life, and if at the Pole
or the Line,
Love's subtle lure will aye endure, wherever two bright
eyes shine.

*Wherever two bright eyes shine,
In the paths that a man may roam—
But for every maid in the palm-trees' shade
There's always a girl at home.*

There's nothing of good in a lonely life, when the heart
cries out in pain,
And cards and revel, drink and the devil, have made life's
fight seem vain;
'Tis then that the color-line grows faint and the lamp
of love burns true
In big brown eyes under tropic skies, as it did in Her
eyes so blue.

*As it did in her eyes of blue,
When she sat in the Devon gloam—
For every match 'neath a nipa thatch
There's always a girl at home.*

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet"—
Save in far corners of the earth, in snow or shimmering
heat;
Atoll and igloo, palm and pine, witness the errant love
Of strong men far from their kinsmen's ken, who round
the world must rove.

*Strong hearts who love to rove
O'er prairie, berg and foam—
For each sweetheart in a foreign part
There's always a girl at home.*

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Oh, it's half a weary world away to Queenstown!

Where first you smell the land-breeze, mem'ry-sweet;
Where the Irish girls and boys, with their bargains and
their noise,

Are the first of homeland's beings you to greet.
It's many a dreary year since first I journeyed
From Dromara, 'cross Atlantic's heaving way,
And I'm dreaming of blue eyes, as clear as tropic skies,
For tomorrow is Saint Patrick's Day.

On a palm-girt shore I'm longing for Dromara—

Dromara with the mist upon the hills,
Where kindly hearts and true live and love a lifetime
through,

Though their tale in Ireland's book no chapter fills.
Here, the sun is always shining, and the flowers
Bloom as brightly in December as in May,
Still, I'd give my little hoard just to tread old Ireland's
sward,
For tomorrow is Saint Patrick's Day.

Sure, there're finer things than endless summer weather!

And eyes of brown can't match with eyes of blue—
Oh, eager is the yearning just to smell the peat fire burn-
ing,

And to see the shamrocks glisten in the dew!
They say this is a place to make a fortune,
That freedom here has undisputed sway,
But I'm lonely here tonight, 'neath the low stars, golden-
bright,
For tomorrow is Saint Patrick's Day.

WHEN TWILIGHT FALLS.

Behind the shadowland of Waianae,

The daylight hurries down night's dusky halls,
And palms stand silhouetted 'gainst the sky,
When twilight falls.

Out steal the stars, up floats the ripe full moon,

Great moths go ghostly by white-blossomed walls,
And wild reef voices stilled are to a croon,
When twilight falls.

HIS LETTER.

I'm thinking of you today, little girl—
Far away in 'Frisco town,
Over the harbor the mist wraiths whirl,
And the sun is sinking down—
Sinking to rest like a blood-red ball
In the leaden, lowering west,
And I long for the violet afterglow
O'er the land that I love the best.

It's lonesome here and it's cold and drear
When night comes tumbling down,
And hearts aren't kind like the ones behind,
And fair brows wear care's frown;
I'd give all the glare of Market street,
If I again might see
The fishers' torches in the dark,
Off drowsy Waikiki.

Full many a face confronts me here
With features passing fair,
And many a voice in mirth and song
Rings out the heart to cheer;
But I miss the languorous, loving glow
Of your laughing eyes so brown,
And the luring lilt of the island songs,
With the moonlight streaming down.

The flowers here are wondrous fair,
And the roses passing sweet,
But they strangers are to the wanderer
From the land of love's retreat;
And yet, when the breeze comes stealing in
From the sea to my little room,
I think I can smell the *melia's* breath
And the oleander's bloom.

I'm coming back—I've had enough
Of life by the Golden Gate,
I'm sick of the fog, and barrenness
Of hearts in this distant state;
And I long for you and the waters blue—
For the amethyst and pearl
Of Hawaii's skies, and your tender eyes,
So I'm coming back, little girl.

THE SONG OF THE RETURNING.

You ask us why we came back and you shake your head
in sorrow,

You tell us life down here is mighty blue,
We'll give you a few reasons, if your patience we may
borrow,
As to why we left the old land for the new :

We were restless, we were weary and the pleasures we
had tasted,
Brought a longing—bitter longing, in their train,
Our work went all unfinished—oh, the hours that we
wasted,
As we sat and watched the past come back again !

The old sweet scenes returned to us, it seemed that we
were dreaming,
We saw again the mountains, hazed in blue,
We heard soft voices calling and were happy in the
seeming,
And prayed, some day our vision might come true.

Our lives were filled with phantoms and we heard the
west wind sighing,
Through the banyans when the dusk was on the land,
While o'er night's other voices came the peacock's an-
guished crying,
And the murmur of the waves upon the sand.

We listened to the story that the tide is ever telling,
As it tarries for a moment by the reef ;
We wandered 'neath the palm-trees in a land of incense
smelling,
Then we woke and went and sought our own relief.

The town was hot and dusty and there seemed no time
for singing
(If we stayed we'd only have ourselves to blame),
And we longed for moon-lit evenings and the guitar's
lazy ringing,
So we left our lives behind us and we came.

OVERSEAS.

"Overseas"—what wondrous pictures here are painted;
How the ports of all the oceans come and go—
See the mosques and domes and minarets and towers,
Hear the meuzzin sounding in the sunset glow;
Mark the holy light through painted window streaming,
Watch the traders swarm through market and bazaar,
Listen to the temple bells, feel the thrall of spicy smells
In a land where aeons only ages are!

"Overseas"—oh, watch the swiftly flying wedges
Of the wild geese o'er the steaming tundra's face,
Bear a hand with that canoe there at the portage,
Ride the range beneath the stars in some far place;
Note the sheen cast by the moonlight on the palm-fronds,
Hear the peacocks screaming when the dusk has come!
Dreamy tokens all are these of the charm of "Overseas,"
When a fellow's ship comes in and he's back home.

"Overseas"—the crowds they roar and surge down
Broadway—
Two miles of light, O Lord, two miles of light!
They've got the same old skookum chef at Sherry's,
And Rector's has a swagger bill tonight;
The Dover cliffs are just as white as ever—
As white as blossom on the hawthorn trees,
But the trek is endless back and we've lost the homeward
track,
And there's nothing left but dreams of "Overseas."

GOOD-BYE.

There'll be a rainbow less to deck the mountains,
The red *lehua* will not bloom so bright,
The moon among the palms won't seem so friendly,
With you away tonight.

The noisy town will be so very lonely,
The flowers that you loved will droop forlorn,
The wind for you will sadly go a-questing,
When you are gone.

The friends you chose to hold in golden bondage,
The old, sweet joy of life will sorely lack,
The sun for them won't shine again so brightly,
Till you come back.

'FRISCO BOUND.

The palm-trees lie behind us,
The flying-fish have gone,
There's a new tang in the sea-breeze
And less ardor in the sun.
Ahead is San Francisco,
Behind, the Isles of Love,
And backward, ever backward,
Our thoughts conspire to rove.

Last night to lang'rous music
We danced beneath the moon,
As we danced in recent revels
By the Waikiki lagoon ;
But you missed a nameless something
That you learned to love so well,
And my thoughts were restless, restless,
As the long Pacific swell.

We're going, some for business,
Some for pleasure, some for—well,
Just because we must be going,
Though the reason's hard to tell ;
But as knots stretch out behind us
And we near the farther land,
There's a tugging at the heart-strings
You and I but understand.

JACARANDA.

Blue are your clusters as the tint upon
That welcome bird that heralds eastern spring,
And which, long-watched, when seen upon the wing
Is earnest of long strife with Winter won—
Of greening trees, of days joy-flecked with sun,
Whereon pink blossoms blow and robins sing,
And shy eyes bolder grow, and Love is king,
And destiny like silken thread is spun.

A haze of blue beside the avenue,
Your magic bids the sad heart be of cheer,
While on dull eyes burst instant and anew
The splendid banners of the rainbow year :
The sweet *ohae*, the flame-trees' red review,
And boughs that like new-minted gold appear.

THE PURPLE ISLANDS.

Down to my purple islands set in a Southern sea,
My thoughts today go winging from long captivity—
Nowhere is such peace given, nowhere dwells such content,
As there where the moon shines ripely and stars from
heaven are bent.

On those far dazzling beaches where ocean's breeze roves
free,
And crested rollers stayless win from the open sea,
I live through a world's adventure—scheming and love
and chance,
Born of the magic potion in the flagon of Romance

Under the palms at moonlight—oh, sheen on the fronds
wind-frayed!
My being's nameless longing thrills to the quickening
trade,
And I roam wild, lawlorn atolls that a tropic sun beats on,
Or drown my soul in *kawa* at the home of Apia John.

Feasting, lusting and fighting are mine with their joy and
pain—
All that's been done or writ of in a savage chief's domain;
Beachcomber, preacher, trader, Levuka, Falesa,
Pass through my brain at the wind's 'hest and the blink
of a nodding star.

What is the lure of my islands? The sweep of the crested
wave,
The lone goat's cry on the *palis*, the chieftain's ghost-
watched cave,
A soft-eyed maiden singing a song of love and grief,
The jasmined breath of morning, the voices of the reef.

THE BUCCANEERS.

“The report that the U. S. Revenue Cutter Keokuk is bringing to Honolulu fifteen pirates captured on South Sea Islands, proved to be unfounded.”—Daily paper.

Fifteen pirates from the South Sea atolls—
How it smacks of the roving days!
Of buried gold and of human chattels,
Of “Long John” Silver and “Bully” Hayes.
Wine and gold and a world of kisses,
Ha! ha! ha! Would you like them—you?
A driftwood fire where the flood tide hisses—
The pearl-veiled sea when the day is new.

*How it comes home to us, me and you!
The kava-bowl and the scorching kisses—
The pearl-veiled sea when the day is new.*

Broken men from the sun-kissed Gilberts—
Blood-steeped men from the Phoenix Isles,
Are naught to us as we crack our filberts
And sip our port where our comfort smiles.
And yet, when between the stupid dances
We walk with our loves by the still lagoon,
We tire of the sidelong, dove-like glances,
And we hate the peace of the soft tide’s croon.

*Always at last beneath the moon
We dream of the heathen South Sea dances,
While the bright lights flash in the still lagoon.*

Dusky belles and old Scotch traders,
Hawkbill turtle and pearl-shell hoard,
Blackbird schooners and brown-skinned raiders,
The warning shot from the watch on board.
Wild! Well, what of it? Wrong! I grant you,
Still men in those old dead days were men,
And I think you can feel a longing, can’t you,
To have lived in those times beyond your ken?

*Fifteen blood-stained, broken men!
It would be a very great thing, I grant you,
To trade for a cutlass a scratching pen.*

THE PIRATES.

(A Local Celebration.)

Half a hundred of proper pirates
Striking awe to the heart of Gloom—
Silver buckles and tarry blouses,
(Yo, heave-o, lads, give 'em room!)
Did you step out of some old-world story,
With your sable flag and your fearsome glee?
Surely your kith 'round the rum cask quarreled,
In some snug haven of Caribbee.

Timely you came, with the joy bells ringing,
Bidding Care's somber legions flee:
With your old fierce yell and your trusty muskets
Quickly from bondage you set us free.
Flint and Teach and Hook and Silver,
And blind man Pew—they were surely there
When the great gun boomed and scattered fragments
Were all that remained of Villain Care.

Yours is our city and all that's in it;
Golden doubloons and maidens fair,
If for a while you'll only tarry—
If you'll but anchor your black craft here.
Ours is an island of rainbow beauty,
Of blossoms and vines and of golden sand,
And we love you, Timothy Hook and Silver,
And all the rest of your reckless band.

For seven full days as hosts we'll prove us,
With songs and dancing and good hot grog;
All for the service which you have wrought us—
Each and every tarred sea-dog.
Soon the white cross-bones you'll hoist above you
And sail away to some harbor far,
Of Caribbee, where beneath the palm-trees
A-waiting, your negro lasses are.

PEARL OF THE SEA.

Pearl of the Sea, I am longing for you,
Queen of the beaches, fair heart's desire;
In your eyes the light of the island dawning—
The flash of the sunset's fire.

Where you are waiting, O island sweetheart!
Do the trading schooners go drifting by
As they did of old, with their shell and copra—
White specks 'gainst the southern sky?

Do the seabirds wheel as once they used to,
Over the depths of a crystal sea?
Do the robber-crabs loot the plummy palm-trees
On the isle where we wandered free?

I would return to the wild brown people,
To the pagan pleasures I used to know,
To Pearl of the Sea who is waiting for me
Down where the pearl boats go.

Today the wind from the southward blowing,
Wafts me rare music that used to thrill,
And the heady scent of great creamy blossoms—
O'ersweet when the night is still.

Carry me quickly, O sails most laggard!
Back to my kingdom of love and ease,
To the truest heart in the fairest garden
In a dreamland of summer seas.

AWAY.

I stand on a far-off seashore and gaze o'er the waters blue,
I picture a land of sunshine and think all the time of you;
The east wind is blowing so coldly, the moorland is wet
and drear,
And I'd give all I've got in the world just to be in Hawaii
dear.

*I'm thinking of Hawaii always, thinking of the moon so
low,
Thinking of the fern-fringed foot-paths where once we
used to go;
I see the poincianas flaming and the roses by the beaten
track,
The golden-shower holds out wealth in plenty and I'm
longing to go back.*

The heart glows warm in the homeland, but the sun is
always chill,
And there's never a smile on the ocean and never a laugh
in the rill;
The peewees cry loud o'er the moorland but their cry is
the note of despair,
And there's no more balm in the heather nor wine in the
mountain air.

*I'm longing for Hawaii always, pining for the moonlit
palms,
Dreaming of the fisher's torches when night has donned
her charms;
The may-bloom is rarely fragrant and the wild rose pass-
ing fair,
But oh, for the sweet wild ginger, that garlands Hawaii
dear!*

PLUMERIA.

Of all the blooms of all the lands wherein my feet have
wandered,

There's one that holds me in its spell and will not let
me free:

Its charm brings joy and sadness, and all passion's subtle
madness

Lurks in the nectared blossoms of the sweet plu-
meria tree.

The violet breathes of English lanes, what time the
cuckoo's calling,

The yellow poppy tempts me back to California's strand,
But the *melia's* bright stars bind me and I leave the past
behind me

And stay a willing prisoner in dear plumeria land.

When the golden moon is floating just above the plummy
palm-tops,

And fraught with nameless longing is the murmur of
the sea,

Spilt is every creamy chalice and through hovel and
through palace

A-questing goes the fragrance of the pale plumeria
tree.

You will know when it has found you, you will feel its
witchery round you,

And will cast aside the common things to wander hand
in hand

With Fancy, while beside you, to unguessed delights to
guide you,

Will walk a beauteous damosel of sweet plumeria
land.

The moon will shine for you alone, the world be filled
with music—

Upon your lips a strange new song will struggle to be
free,

And lured by merry laughter you will madly follow after,
Until the gray dawn lifts night's veil from off the sleep-
ing sea.

The peach-blow wakens memories of orchards by the
Whangpu,

Wistaria spells paradise set in an inland sea,

But in my heart there's room only for a single bloom—

The starry petals on the boughs of the plumeria tree.

THE OLD HAU-TREE LANAI.

The dawn behind the mountain tops send forth its herald
glow,
A pearly-misted ocean wakes to work of ebb and flow;
From palm and pine the mynah-birds in drowsy sequence
fly,
And leaves lisp to the trade-wind on the old *hau-tree*
lanai.

'Tis noon; the white sands dazzle and the glare is on the
sea,
The mynah-birds are silent in the drowsing cocoa-tree;
Abroad the day's hot burden—above a furnace sky,
But blessed peace and coolness on the old *hau-tree lanai*.

The sky hangs heavy-fringed and the harbor lights burn
bright,
The silver, dancing waters hold the moon's reflected light;
No sound disturbs the stillness save a distant night-bird's
cry,
And phantoms flit untroubled through the old *hau-tree*
lanai.

MELIA.

Your creamy chalices rare fragrance spill,
Which scents the day from dawn 'till tropic night;
Your faded blossoms cause the eyes to fill
At memory of some long-lost delight.

In regions overseas where winter's clime
Makes far Hawaii seem a golden dream,
They think of you and endless summertime,
While overhead cold constellations stream.

Your clusters are the port of wand'ring bees,
You deck with garlands every festal guest,
And set amid a host of sombre trees
Your presence cheers each hallowed Place of Rest.

Oh, you are wondrous fair in morning time!
And noontide does not see your beauty pass;
E'en your spent petals conjure that old rhyme
Of Omar's bloom "star-scattered in the grass."

THE KAMANI TREE.

Among the gaily-dizened trees of spring,
The broad *kamani* rears its sombre head,
And the wayfarer, passing by, is filled
With thoughts of things long dead—

With thoughts of long dead things, and present joys
Fated to march in sorrow's train too soon—
Of joyless, rain-soaked days, and nights ahead
Uncheered by friendly moon.

The golden-shower flaunts its robe of gold,
The poinciana flames the road beside,
And every other tree oblation makes
Unto the year's young pride.

All save the dark *kamani* which arrays
Itself in no habiliment of spring,
Casting instead its russet leaves abroad
While April's voices sing.

Oh, misanthrope of trees! what old god's curse
Torments you through the happy halcyon days?
Or would you teach us that as fades the grass
Wither life's laurel sprays?

GOLDENROD.

The spider lily's dead, the ginger's faded,
And kindred blooms no longer deck the sod;
But still in many a sweet Hawaiian garden
Blossoms the goldenrod.

What memories the yellow bloom engenders!
What thoughts of days in a far-distant clime!
Of frost-breath silvering the prairie grasses,
Of mainland autumn time.

It brings to ear the threshing engine's murmur,
The whirl of brown birds where the corn shocks stand;
And, to the eye, the wedge of wild geese flying
From grip of Winter's hand.

Flag of the legioned ranks of sun-browned grasses,
Old friend who cheered the roadside way of yore;
Do you not, when the velvet breeze caresses,
Pine for the norther's roar?

VIOLETS.

Just a breath of violets on a street in Honolulu,
Tied to deck a lithesome native belle,
Makes the year turn back again, puts us on the rack
again,
As we listen to the tales they tell.

*Violets, violets, Naples' own dear violets,
Once again in Fashion's train our errant footsteps
stray;
Tonic in the keen spring air, pleasure in the atmosphere,
Life pulsating everywhere along the Great White Way.*

Just a sight of violets in a little florist's window,
Blooms from Tantalus so fresh and fair,
Brings dead loves to life again, writhe we 'neath their
knife again—
We would buy but haven't heart to wear.

*Violets, violets, a penny for a bunch of 'em
(Hear the cabs a-splashing through a sea of London
mud),
The crowds in all the halls are out, Leicester Square's a
roundabout—
Coals of Hell, what torture in a simple violet bud!*

NIGHTFALL.

The trade-wind softer blows through palm and pine,
The spider-lily casts its scent abroad,
A great ship's hull on the horizon's line
Wantons in gold the sun's last rays afford.

Harshly the heron cries athwart the gloom,
The lights of home peep out near and afar,
And, having closed the flow'rs that daytime bloom,
A Hand pins back night's curtain with a star.

THE HUAPALA VINE.

When the rainy season's over and the days are growing longer,

When the young year's breath still whips the leaves and stirs the blood like wine,

Comes a trumpet-fashioned flower to the long *lanai's* green bower,

Bourgeons forth the flaming orange of the *huapala* vine.

Ages gone, in old Hawaii, ere the gods were all forgotten,

And life seemed but a little space in which to laugh and love,

The god of love and kisses meted out his sovereign blisses

To man and maiden kneeling at his *huapala* grove.

So, today, long lifetimes after that dead age of love and laughter,

The trumpet-flower speaks of love and all the joys to be;

And youth and maiden sitting 'neath its shade, when moths are flitting,

Receive that old god's blessing, by its good gramarye.

Soon will come the golden-shower and the blazing poinciana,

And all the summer's tendrils which around the heart entwine—

But there'll be a missing sweetness, and a nameless incompleteness

Will bring to mind the blooming of the *huapala* vine.

THE MYNAH.

Come, bold brown bird, and strut for me awhile
Across the velvet carpet of the lawn—
Old chatterbox whose scolding makes me smile
At any hour other than the dawn.

Full satisfied are you with this old world,
Content in cold or heat, in rain or shine—
The monarch of the grass-world, dew-empared,
An optimist, and as such, friend of mine.

There's mischief often in your quick, bright eye
Which much belies that monkish robe of brown;
You're now a priest, and now a robber sly,
And time again a laughing, mocking clown.

Though brought to us from a far-distant land
Of breeze-borne spice and tinkling temple bells,
Your wizard note recalls far Albion's strand,
The blackbird's fluting and the sweet May smells.

Begone, sleek rogue, abroad the fat worm crawls,
And tiny mynahs clamor in yon tree;
The hour of supper makes insistent calls
To you, blithe vagabond, as well as me.

THE COCOA PALM.

High o'er the homes of the *haole*,
Kingly of mein, stand they,
Last of the native landmarks—
Born of a prouder day;
Keeping their faithful vigil
O'er fortunes overcast,
Bowing their heads in mem'ry
Of glories of the past.

They weathered the darkling *kona*
That sought their strength to tax,
Only to fall ignobly
Under the white man's axe;
And the winds that haunt the mountains,
And the moon that loves the sea,
Alone will know the story
Of days that used to be.

THE DREAMING LADY.

In a quaint old-fashioned garden, by a city's busy high-
way,
Walks a little, queenly lady, as the sun sinks in the
west—
'Mid a maze of palms and bamboo, green and separate
and shady;
Dreaming of a broken sceptre and a vanished state-
liness.

The trade-wind stirs the palm-fronds, and they whisper
of a kingdom—
Of royal days in palaces when hers was to command;
Across the street a church bell rings, and all her sorrow's
chalices
Well up to overflowing at the mocking strokes' demand.

The stars peep out, she lingers there—the night flowers
spill their incense,
And bats go hawking, where by day there toiled a
myriad bees;
A band—her band—a stone's throw off a merry strain is
playing,
The while she stands there heeding naught but flocking
memories.

Comes at last to that old garden where the pale plumerias
cluster,
An old Hawaiian woman with a heavy step and slow,
And with reverent obeisance leads the dreaming lady
homeward,
Where from a bower of greenery a light burns dim and
low.

In that quaint, old-fashioned garden a queen finds sanctu-
ary,
And though her crown's a bauble and her flag is torn
apart,
Forever will she reign supreme where e'er her tongue
is spoken—
Until the end the monarch of a dying nation's heart.

KAMEHAMEHA DAY.

(June 11th.)

On some bare hillside where the mynahs scream
And the gray cactus endless vigil keeps,
His empire passed, his power but a dream,
Hid from all eyes, Kamehameha sleeps.

Alive, he sought his people's lasting good,
Foreseeing all the troublous years to be—
Had they but weighed his words and understood,
Might have been stemmed the tide of destiny.

His realm is still the same, but 'neath the palms
The *haoles* pass and sing the songs he sung,
And barter in the marts, while alien arms
Have to the breeze a stranger banner flung.

Today, as loyal as in olden days,
His remnant children keep his memory green,
And at his statue each one homage pays
And loving reverence to his kindred queen.

For one short day let wave Hawaii's flag,
For old time's sake the ancient *meles* sing,
Let hearts be glad and regret's footsteps lag,
In honor of Hawaii's kingliest king.

IN ROTTEN ROW.

In Rotten Row the poor ships lie—
Pathetic hulks 'gainst the brazen sky;
Drowning life through on a lazy tide,
At anchor the vanquished vessels ride.

The surf on the reef vents a hideous sneer
At her ocean's victims resting there—
Never again to plough the seas,
Nor flaunt their flags in the belying breeze.

The good ships come and the good ships go
With ne'er a salute for Rotten Row;
But the green weed loves their unkempt sides,
And the sea-worm hither and thither glides.

At night when the moon breaks through the clouds,
It chases ghosts from the feeble shrouds,
Of men who down to great seas did go
With the broken tenants of Rotten Row.

SEA MAGIC.

There fared one day to my valley
Where the white gardenias grow,
A sun-burned man of the ships that on
Great waters come and go;
And he talked to me of the booming trades,
Of the Polestar and the snow.

Alone in the place of perfume
I was looking out on the sea—
The cloying breath of the waxen bloom
Bore heavily on me,
As I gazed back over the years and sought
To peer into the To Be.

Then came the man like the rain-wind
To the earth heat-vexed and dry—
The tang of the sea in his every word,
The blue of the sea in his eye;
And he spake of the rest of the ocean's breast
And the freedom of the sky.

I will go out from my valley
Where the pale gardenias blow;
The man of the sea has tempted me
And his wonders I would know,
And I yearn for the far horizon line
And the land lights' fading glow.

HALEAKALA.

Great pendant stars bend from a violet sky,
A low-swung moon makes shapeless shadows fall
Upon the crater's floor, the wild goats call
Across the void from *palis* where they lie
A-tremble at a distant wolfish cry.
The haunting wind moans through dead Pele's hall—
Last of the slaves of that dread goddess' thrall,
Who temple made where aeons' ashes lie.

Nor fern nor flower in this place hath life,
Only the moon glints on the silver-sword,
Perchance some pixy people's treasured hoard,
Hid in a cicatrice of primal strife
With nothing else of grace or beauty rife—
And yet with everything in sweet accord.

THE LAST PORT.

The old Melancthon's come to port,
Has found her home at last,
Nor more she'll brave the wind and wave,
Her sailing days are past ;
For forty years she rode the main—
Her name for staunchness stood,
Threading the maze of the ocean's ways,
Just as a good ship should.

And now outworn with stress and storm,
Her time has come to rest,
At peace to lie 'neath a tropic sky,
On a summer ocean's breast ;
No more she'll swing to the north tide's rip,
Or pale at the blizzard's breath,
Nor hear the knell of the sea-swung bell—
Grim warning note of Death.

She'll drowse on the lazy harbor tide,
And the surf will chant her praise,
And sing a song of the past, long gone,
With its splendid deeds and days ;
The same pale stars will gaze on her
In the scented languorous nights,
As o'er Puget Sea kept company
With the ghostly Northern Lights.

The rainbow fish will nose her sides,
The sea-moss clothe her strake,
And a myriad sea-souls dwelling holes
In her rotting timbers make ;
But she'll take no heed of the shrouding weed
Nor the borer in each bone—
Just a hulk she'll wait that last estate,
When the harbor claims its own.

BENEATH THE MOON.

Fragrantly the pale plumeria breathes tonight,
In the moonlight stand revealed its stars of white—
Of the flower world, with magic, most bedight.

Swift and sure its wondrous incense weaves a spell,
Round the heart and brain of him who cannot tell
How beneath its subtle magicry he fell.

All he knows is that he's standing dreaming there,
With the murmur of reef voices in his ear,
While before his eyes, long vanished scenes appear.

He sees Hawaii-land as once it used to be,
He marks a joyous people, unrestrained, free,
Thronging the beaches of their own beloved sea.

Diseaseless forms, and faces void of sin and care,
Play, work and love, and all in common share
The blessing of a sunburst land, divinely fair.

No poverty there is, no need to slave away,
A lifetime toiling o'er a thorn-strewn, rocky way—
A little work, a song, and then the close of day.

The kindly earth a liberal largess gladly yields,
The sea is almoner of well-stocked, leagueless fields,
And for man's good each star its occult influence wields.

Tall, supple forms own they who dwell within the land,
With kingly step and mien they walk the palm-girt strand,
And naught of creeds or policies they understand.

A simple people they, of that departed day,
Supremely happy in their work and in their play,
For love alone they lived, and loving passed away.

Times change, have changed, are changing all the while,
No more Hawaii's sons are free from care and guile,
Lost on their faces is the old perennial smile.

One may not see them more as they were wont to be,
But, when the moon shines o'er the sweet plumeria tree,
Their spirits voice the reef and walk beside the sea.

THE GAZERS.

Down by the wharves the children wander,
Hand holding hand, when school is done ;
Gazing at the tall ships in the harbor,
Gold-splashed and crimsoned by the sun.

They've learned to love the ships by reading of them
In old books and new about the sea,
And the coal hulk seems to them a pirate vessel,
Redolent with scents of Caribbee.

The freighter is a great three-decker warship,
The dredger is a rover of the main,
And the loafers are Black Dogs and Long John Silvers,
Come back from Treasure Island once again.

The children stand and wonder on the dockhead,
If the sampans carry store of buried gold,
And if the sunburned sailors on the towboat
Are heroes whose brave deeds have not been told.

And as they gaze upon the harbor shipping,
The children make a stern resolve to be,
Each mother's son a very proper sailor,
And search for gold and glory on the sea.

Blue eyes and brown ; the Viking and the Maori,
Both bold sea rovers stand and dream with you ;
Oh, may God guide your lives' bark to safe haven,
And send you fair adventures on the blue !

AUGUST.

By the dust on the leaves by the roadside,
By the blush on the prickly pear's face,
By the loaded-down *ohia* tree's branches
By the stillness of each forest place ;
By the gray plover down by the foreshore,
By the moon-washed nights magically clear,
By the sense of a year come to fulness—
Be certain that August is here.

THE DERELICT.

He roams about the dusty wharves
And gazes o'er the sea,
His blue eyes dim, his body bent
With foc'sle drudgery;
A worn-out, weather-beaten hulk,
He stands upon the quay.

The rain and wind make sport of him,
But the 'warm wind is his friend;
It makes him think of Rio town
Where pleasures never end,
And of ship-mates who along with him
Followed the Gulf Stream's trend.

No man may know his history,
His story none can tell,
Only his eyes grow strangely keen
At the sound of a ship's clear bell,
Or as he watches the offing's craft
Lurch to the sleek land-swell.

No ship is his, no ship can be—
His sailing days are past,
He's just a derelict adrift
Upon life's ocean vast;
God of all seamen, grant that he
Win safe to port at last!

MOONLIGHT.

Above, the ships of night their lights are burning,
Shoreward, the whisp'ring tide is slow returning,
And souls of flowers fill the night with yearning—
Aloha oe!

O'er all, the moon her silver charm is flinging,
Afar, a guitar's lazy chords are ringing,
And softly sweet a gentle voice is singing:
"Aloha Oc."

O beauteous spot! in nature's bosom lying,
O wondrous voice! soft as the zephyr's sighing,
O heart—sweetheart! in living and dying—
Aloha oe!

THE LEI.

The sky unclouded smiled upon the day,
The surf along the reef gleamed dazzling bright,
And all the world except my heart was gay—
Had never seemed the road so long and white.

And as I went she pressed on me a *lei*—
Unwilling sought my feet the beach-side road—
Of flowers fair whose perfume cheered my way
And eased the burden that was parting's load.

Across Time's reaches I can hear her voice—
Fraught is its mem'ry with all loss, all pain—
Saying, as when she brought to me her choice
Of bud and blossom: "Till we meet again!"

We never met; she sleeps beneath the *hau*
That murmurs requiems by the sandy road—
The trades blow just as brave but guavas now
Strew creamy petals where she once abode.

The *lei* is dry, the *melia's* fragrance shed—
Across the years I look and long in vain—
'Tis hanging with her picture by my bed
But I shall love it—till we meet again.

THE DAY'S END.

When the dusty day is over,
And its work been shirked or done;
When the west lies rose and golden
On the palette of the sun:
There's a spot where peace and comfort
Are ever lurking nigh—
It's the cool, fern-trimmed recesses
Of the palm-shaded *lanai*.

When the evening star glows brighter,
And the sky is strangely clear,
And the night-breeze in the palm-fronds
Hums a strange, seductive air;
When the hawk-moths 'mid the lilies
Like downy fairies fly,
It's heaven to sit a-dreaming
On the shadowy, old *lanai*.

THE PALI ROAD.

Behind, the town—ahead, the charm of distance,
Blithely the wind calls down the Pali road;
Maile and ginger, fernland and woodland
Have charmed me by their magic from my town abode.

Sweet is the wind's voice, luring me onward,
Telling of freedom and forgetfulness from care—
Onward, onward, the swift, white fleece clouds beckon,
Over the Pali, and my heart knows never where.

Scent of creamy blossom, *maile* and bracken,
Breath of Pali breezes and the cool mist drifting
down—
Gladly I barter for the glare and restlessness
That hover like a spectre o'er the house-hemmed town.

Dusk comes and dark, the yellow moon arises—
Bursting like a great balloon from ocean's empery;
Night comes up the Pali road, fraught with sweet sur-
prises,
And on its herald breeze is borne the murmur of the
sea.

A DULL DAY.

Deserted are the wharves, the great fleet gone;
Far from the port the freighters thresh their way,
And, where the white-walled troopships used to lie,
A school of mullet play.

The very streets today seem strangely lone,
Thinned is the crowd that thronged the noisy marts,
And, where men gather at the noontide hour,
Nor jest nor laughter starts.

Only old buildings seem again to live,
Each in its place beside untrodden ways,
And ancient men from Present's track step back.
Into forgotten days.

LAHAINA.

Green, sleepy village by a tropic sea,
Do cocoa-palms still guard thy sandy shore?
And in thy nestling homesteads does content
Abide secure as yore?

Do lithe-limbed maidens in their native dance
While the long, scented hours of night away?
Do brown-skinned children in the gentle tide
From morn till evening play?

The earth-born scents which fire the brain like wine—
Float they upon the night-wind o'er the bay?
Do lights of home illumine thy mountain's side,
As on a vanished day?

Oh, thou wert very fair in years ago—
The day-star of the bright Hawaiian sky;
Remain thy charms today inviolate,
Through all the years that fly?

KAHULUI BAY.

Ever the waves roll shoreward, ever the plovers cry
Each to each on the sand-hills, or over the lone dunes fly;
Ever the wind brings largess, filched from the salt sea-
spray,
And all life's cares evanish, by Kahului bay.

The painted mountains beckon, where light and shadow
hide,
The white reef breathes a summons, born of the flushing
tide;
But neither hill nor ocean have charms the heart that
reach,
Like those of the wind-swept sand-dunes by Kahului
beach.

No crowds disturb the stillness, no dwellings mar the
scene—
Naught but a fisher's cottage with its garden-patch of
green;
Afar two townships travail and hearts beat grave and
gay,
But care nor sorrow troubleth, by Kahului bay.

ON THE REEF.

The little waves lap her bleaching bones,
The great waves cast them wide,
To lie as driftwood on the shore
In the wake of the ebbing tide;
And the ghost of the bark haunts the peopled dark,
And the wraiths of the men who died.

The trades blow soft and the *kona* roars
O'er the weed-grown, worm-drilled wreck,
And schools of tiny fish disport
In the place where was her deck—
Of souls asleep five fathoms deep
They take but little reck.

The full moon shines on the palms and pines
Which fringe the crescent shore,
And lights the bulk of the inky hulk
That sailed so proud before,
From the Golden Gate to the River Plate,
And from Hull to Singapore.

On the troubled reef her watch she'll keep
Till she yields to the hungry sea,
With only the shark and the sheering gull
To keep her company;
And never a hail from a passing sail
To lighten her misery.

The ships will come and ships will go,
But none may bring relief,
And the sailormen who pass her by
Will feel good seamen's grief,
And pray that they life's debt won't pay
In a wreck on a coral reef.

KULIOUOU.

At Kuliouou, Kuliouou,
The wind blows fresh and the waters flow
Swift and blue past the ruddy Head
Which from far town the footsteps led.

There's wine in the air and balm on the breeze
And healing and health in the summer seas;
There's a song in the palms and the sermoned hills
Talk to the soul, if one only wills.

The road from the town is hard and long,
But there's sweet surcease from the madding throng
If to its end you'll only go—
Where Puumai's scarred ridges show.

It seems like the very end of the world—
An oasis in a desert hurled;
But at night you may gaze at the moon-lit Gap
And wonder what is beyond, perhap.

At Kuliouou, Kuliouou,
The town-shrunk spirit has chance to grow,
And coolness and calm at the end of the road
Ease the heart of its heavy load.

FADED LEIS.

Only a wreath of *maile*,
Faded from green to gray,
Yet it brings to mind the sighing wind
In the palms by Hilo bay.

Only a *lei* of *hala*,
Its orange turned to brown,
But it conjures back o'er mem'ry's track
The charm of Hilo town:

The roses by the roadside,
The soft, caressing rain,
The scented air, the hearts so rare
That call one back again.

A strand of withered *maile*,
A faded *hala lei*—
Oh, teardrops start at the twingeing dart
Of the love of yesterday!

THE GUNS.

Twelve three-inch siege guns arrived by S. S. "Lurline."—
Daily paper.

In their olive-colored cases they are lying
On the wharf beneath the liner's towering side,
And they voice a solemn warning which disturbs the
rainbow morning
And the painted peace of mountain and of tide.

To and fro pass wayfarers all flower-laden,
On the breeze is borne the music of a band,
And a benison of love is o'er everything above—
But the guns—how few who see and understand!

In the sides of old Leahi they'll be buried,
And the memory of their coming soon will cease,
Till there dawns a dreadful day when mankind goes forth
to slay,
In these isles of sweet contentedness and peace.

THE ANGLER'S SONG

There's an invitation in the booming surf,
The water in the bay is blue,
It's just the day to steal away—
Away in the old canoe;
To steal away where the little channels hide
In the strong tide's sea-born flow,
And the coral heads loom yellowly
In the weed-strung depths below.

So put the pole in the old canoe,
And with lines and bait aboard,
We'll steer for a spot of which I know—
The haunt of a silvery horde;
They're waiting for us in their channel home—
To care the back-door show;
The tide will soon be falling—
Can't you hear the white reef calling,
Calling for you and me to go?

TARRY, BROTHER!

What's the trouble, brother—are you weary?
Seeking change of fortune or of clime,
Here's the spot will make the past seem dreary—
Place where little matters tide or time.

Sun forever glinting on the ocean,
Bees a-making music in the vine,
Couldn't leave the land if I'd a notion—
Loafing where the morning-glories twine.

Brighter sky ne'er held the rainbow's splendor,
Bluer seas don't flow beneath the sky,
Never God made hearts more true and tender—
Tarry brother, let the world go by!

Moonbeams softly dancing on the ocean,
Melia's magic breath that thrills like wine,
Good it is to drink content's sweet potion—
Loafing where the morning-glories twine.

KALEHUA.

Kona's hills are distant—very far away;
It's a weary while to Hawaii's isle where the baby rain-
bows play.
It's far to the bread-fruit forest where the red-birds
come and go,
And the mountain-apple blossoms stain the ground like
crimson snow.

The clouds weep o'er the Kona hills as they used to long
before,
The bracken scents the hillside and the plover haunts the
shore;
But in Kalehua's garden the weeds grow thick and rank,
And the guavas choke a homestead set on a stream's green
bank.

Oh, lithesome Kalehua, with skin so golden-brown!
Where do you turn for shelter when the cold night rain
comes down?
Do the long thoughts and the salt tears keep company as
they flow,
When you sit in the blood-stained sunset with the ghosts
of long ago?

NANA.

Nana, the *lei*-girl, sits on the pave by the side of the busy street,
Her fingers are busy the livelong day, stringing her flowers sweet;
From morning 'till night you may see her there, may purchase her fragrant wares—
And the crowd goes along with an oath and a song, and nobody knows or cares.

Nana, the *lei*-girl, in years long gone, had a sweetheart from over the sea,
They loved for a while in Hawaiian style, and then to the Coast went he;
He'll never come back, but she's waiting for him in the sidewalk's dust and glare,
For her heart beats true to a boy in blue who's in 'Frisco town somewhere.

Nana oft wonders if he is dead or if he has just forgot
The little brown girlie who loved him so in a humble grass-thatched cot;
And if pagan prayers be powerful, and thoughts take guise of dreams,
He sees o' nights old well-loved sights where the tropic moonlight streams;

He hears the plaint of a ghost guitar, he scents the beach fire's smoke,
And perchance he wonders where Nana is, whose little heart he broke;
Maybe he sees her alone by her door in the sunset's hallowed glow,
Or down by the sea where in noisy glee the torch-light fishers go.

Nana, the *lei*-girl, sits on the pave, by the side of the busy street,
Deftly her fingers ply all day, stringing her flowers sweet;
From morning 'till night you may see her there, unguessing her unshed tears,
And pass in the throng with an oath or a song, for nobody knows or cares.

WEARING ON TO JUNE.

Wearing on to June, wearing on to June,
There's a note of summer fulness in the skylark's tune ;
The nights are full of fragrance, the dawns are drenched
with dew,
And the golden-shower's blooming on the avenue.

Wearing on to June, wearing on to June,
The stars are growing restless for the honey-moon ;
Day's duties take us walking through a garden wondrous
fair—
There's music in the tree-tops and incense in the air.

Wearing on to June, wearing on to June,
The year'll have passed its zenith and be waning, all too
soon ;
The beach and forest call us and we cannot choose but
go—
See, like beacon on yon hillside, the poinciana's glow !

HAWAII NEI.

When the last good-bye has been spoken,
And the eye been dried of its tears,
When the ship from the wharf is stealing,
With its freightage of hopes and fears—
The scent of the flowers comes drifting,
Gripping the heartstrings fast,
And the strains of "*Aloha Oe*"
Wake memories of the past.

In the rush of a mainland city,
A face in the surging throng,
Or the spell of a blossom's fragrance,
Or the words of a plaintive song—
And the scenes that were loved are present,
As once on a tropic day,
And reborn the flowers and faces
And songs of Hawaii *nei*.

Wherever the foot may wander
In passage around the earth,
Wherever the ear be greeted
With music or song or mirth,
Wherever a garland's incense
Or a bright eye glads the way,
The heart will return to its old love—
Hawaii—Hawaii *nei*.

ON THE KOOLAU SIDE.

When you're through Nuuanu Valley and have reached
the windy Pali,

You have left all that belongs to town behind ;
The way is smooth and shady for the gentleman and lady
Who in thousand-dollar motor face the wind.

It's a daily dress parade through the eucalyptus glade,
And it's quite the proper thing to make the trip ;
But you feel a different man as the Koolau plain you scan,
While the roaring wind's lash stings you like a whip.

When you've crossed the gusty Pali and along the down
trail sally,

You'll meet a different people on the road :
Lei-crowned maidens in old stages, ancient men from
history's pages,

And a pack-train with bananas for a load.
With a cheery hail they'll greet you, with a friendly smile
they'll meet you,

And they're not ashamed to let you know they're there ;
Like the road, their hearts are wide, they who use the
Koolau side,

And you won't find better beings anywhere.

The guavas by the road bear a tempting, golden load,

The morning-glories glad the tired eye ;
The rice-field's restful green and the distant ocean's sheen
Are treasures for each one who passes by.

It's a land of fair content and eternal wonderment :

Massive headland, blue-hazed hills and shining beach ;
And the while you travel through joy is born and born
anew,

And the goal of heart's desire seems in reach.

Across the great divide peace and plenty e'er abide,

And care becomes a thing of yesterday ;
There's healing in the air, the breeze bears perfume rare
From garden-spots where laughing children play.

On the long road by the sea it is good to wander free,

Out of earshot of stern Duty's ceaseless call,
And to rest, at close of day, by Kahana's fairy bay,
Or Hauula, happiest hamlet of them all.

On the smiling Koolau side, the dawn, a rosy bride,
Leaves the opal-misted ocean still a-dream;
Noon brings a languorous ease under spicy-scented trees
Or drowsing by a rush-fringed, crystal stream.
In the golden sunset glow, when the lamp of day swings
low,
And begins the ceaseless traverse of the stars,
In this bidding-place of peace all life's sorrows seem to
cease
And the soul soars free of all its prison bars.

WON'T YOU COME?

Are you tired of the buffets of winter?
Do you shrink from the East wind's chill breath,
In a land where the icicle's splinter
Is token of darkness and death?
Don't you long for the fragrance of flowers
And the midsummer bee's drowsy hum?
Aren't you dreaming of tropical bowers
Where the cohorts of care never come?

All this and much more you'll discover
In our very dear isles of the sea,
If for once you'll imperson a rover
And set sail for far Hawaii;
We'll greet you with laughter and garlands,
We'll sing you a magical song
Which shall make you forget your own far lands,
And the place where you used to belong.

The surf on the reef loud is calling,
The cool trades are blowing for you,
White lilies, when twilight is falling,
With fragrance are scenting the dew;
The moon is a-glint and a-glisten
In the frayed frond of each plummy palm,
And for him who arightly can listen,
Night's voices are potent of charm.

Oh, come and dwell with us a season
In our islands of laughter and love!
Each day will present a new reason
For gladness that you chanced to rove;
Rich fruits and rare flowers are waiting—
The air with delight is a-hum,
And beauty and joy e'er are mating
In Hawaii's fair isles—Won't you come?

LEIS.

When you come to us across the world of waters,
We've a *lei* a-waiting just for you;
Pansies from a little cottage garden,
Violets still glist'ning with the dew;
Tokens true are they of our *aloha*—
Emblems of a welcome from our heart;
If you'll wear one for a while, joy will walk with you a
mile,
That's the magic of a *lei*—Hawaii's art.

When you walk with us in divers pleasant places,
There'll always be a *lei* at your command;
Maile with a wealth of charming graces,
Hala from fair Hilo's distant strand,
Jasmine with the scent of old-time bowers,
Fragrant *mokihana* from Kauai;
Many an ill they can beguile—they're the solid of a
smile,
And dull care are very potent to defy.

When you leave us for your home across the ocean,
There'll be *leis* a-plenty just for you:
Ilima's royal blossom, fragrant *melia*,
And flowers of for-get-me-not's true blue;
Signals sad are they of sorrow's poignant parting,
Memorials of ecstasy divine—
They're the words sobbed through our tears, they're our
kisses and our fears,
They're everything that stands for auld lang syne.

AFTER THE STORM.

The mynah-birds are singing in the palm-fronds,
The swollen streams take up the glad refrain,
The sober hills with emerald are garnished,
And verdure clothes the erstwhile dusty plain—
The parched and thirsty places
Speak the raindrops' kindly graces,
And all the earth is laughing, once again.

The wild *ilima* blooms along the roadside—
The coral road so lonely and so long,
The poppy buds release their milky petals,
In signal to the wildflowers' vagrant throng,
And the west wind beareth tidings
That has ceased the *kona's* chiding,
And earth receives the message with a song.

KAHAWANU.

Kahawanu, child of nature, don your broad *loulu papale*
And put a red hibiscus in your hair,
Together let us wander to the white sand by the harbor,
For, oh, the night is fair!

I'm tired of the city and the stately *haole* dwellings—
Of the rabble, and the traffic and the noise,
And I want to see the shimmer of the range lights on the
water

And listen to the tide among the buoys.

In the city there is pleasure to be had for but the buying,
And boon companions make a merry crew,
But I long to meet a heart again that's honest as the
dawning,

And hear a voice that's ever ringing true.

String a *lei* of sweet star-flowers for your tresses, Kaha-
wanu,

Bring along your blithe guitar with ribbons gay,
The night was made for singing—hear across the distance
ringing:

"*Auwe ke aloha e!*"

THE FOOT-PATH.

There's a path across the ricefields—

A hidden, humble foot-path,

Where the many-hued lantana flaunts its blossoms all
day long;

But the wild bees tell its story

To the wondering morning glory—

The story of a lover and a song.

There's a girl beyond the ricefields—

A little, sun-kissed maiden,

For her the rice-bird sings his song and weird, white
poppies blow;

The stately palms above her

Bend over her and love her,

And watch her wheresoever she may go.

When the moon shines o'er the ricefields,

Oftentimes my footsteps wander,

Down that old- deserted foot-path to a little vine-clad
home,

Where a voice is softly singing

To a guitar's lazy ringing,

A song that says I need no farther roam.

A GRAY DAY

Oh, great is the boon of a good, gray day,
When the sun stays hid and the dusty way
Is dustier made by the vagrant wind,
Which tumbles the blossoms with touch unkind.

There's a tang in the air and the pelting rain
Tightens the keys of life's harp again,
While the fresh trades' touch on the sun-kissed brow,
Breathes of endeavor, forgot 'till now.

The palms are glad when the storm-winds reign
And tune their fronds to a new refrain;
The *melia's* soul, though flower-riven,
Ne'er has its fragrance so freely given.

Down by the sea, where the rollers go
Roaring by with their manes of snow,
There's no regret for the shrinking sun,
From the weeping dawn 'till the day is done.

Madly the sand down the white beach drives,
Vainly the surf to the cliff-tops strives,
And the fisherman sits by his nets alone—
He knows not the sea today his own.

A goodly thing is a winter's day
In a land of rainbows and jeweled spray—
As dear a thing, in the dust and heat,
As a tear-dimmed eye in a laughing street.

Life that is living is not all smiles,
A year of sun-gemmed days beguiles,
But life's greatest pictures are painted gray
And its lessons learned on a winter's day.

HAWAII.

O magic isle, whose countenance doth change
Oft as the varying fortune of a life—
Now smiling, tender green, and now bemarred
With cicatrice of elemental strife.

The sea and sky, thy servants since the time
When thou wert cast from out the waters' womb,
Strive each to do most homage to their queen—
Tradition's shrine and old Romance's tomb.

No valleys fair as thine, where primal man,
Wealthy in nature's largess, comes and goes,
Untainted yet with golden greed, and free
To sing and love a lifetime to a close.

In long dead years the gods chose thee their home,
And mighty monarchs fought for thee and died,
Lifting glazed eyes to thine eternal snows,
And passing then to rest on earth denied.

The great, dread goddess Pele loved thee once,
And though she sleeps a thousand years away,
Sometimes, her rest disturbed, she wrathful turns
And shakes red vials o'er the land today.

The gods have left thee and the kings are dead ;
Old order changeth as new customs come ;
Yet art thou happy in that thou remain,
Of beauty, story and of song the home.

JULY.

Each month its charm possesses—each day its own
delights :
The pearly peace of dawning, the wondrous sunset lights.

July has wealth of riches, hydrangeas rarely blue,
Wax-fashioned pale gardenias and sweet white ginger
too.

Like love that goes and comes no more, the year's twelve
children fly,
Oh, in our garden stay thy feet, nor leave us yet, July !

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

Just a-waiting for the spring;
Hungry for the fragrance of the sweet *lauhala*,
Longing for the blossoms of the *huapala*,
And to walk along the green plains where the skylarks
sing.

Just a-waiting for the spring;
The coral-trees are budding and they won't be long,
The palm-trees are a-tuning to the trade-wind's song,
And already on the reef the breakers softer surges fling.

Just a-waiting for the spring;
The golden-shower's hiding hoard of wealth untold,
The poinciana soon will kindle as of old,
And to our arms fair nature all her gifts will bring.

Just a-waiting for the spring;
December's days were dreary and the rain fell fast,
But now the winter's over and the sun's come out at last,
And long hours of contentment come to us upon swift
wing.

THE HILLSIDE GRAVES.

(Wailuku, Maui.)

Poor little graves on the hillside,
Hidden away in the sand,
Where the gray *paninis* cluster
And the gaunt *kiawes* stand;
Do the bones in your depths rest easy
As under the churchyard sod?
Do they stir to the far sea's roaring
Or the bell of the house of God?

By day one sees but dead flowers
And tinsel and trumpery gauds,
Which the love of the ones who are living
For those who have gone affords;
But by night, when the moonflowers blossom,
And the cane-leaves lisp to the breeze,
And the stars peep over the hill-crest,
Where are prettier graves than these?

HAWAII TO JACK LONDON.

From far-off California to Hawaii's rainbow land
You journeyed, and you stayed with us a while;
You learned to love our customs, and in turn you won
our love—

We'll ne'er forget the magic of your smile.
You walked among us friendly and you shared our simple
joys,
Entranced you heard the ukuleles play,
And while you pondered deeply o'er our legendry and
lore,
You did not scorn the tribute of a lei.

We'd read your books and wondered just what kind of
man you were,

And we'd wished Hawaii's beauties you might see:
The ginger in the moonlight and the bloom upon the
palms,

The rainbows, and the cascades falling free;
And you came and stayed among us as in answer to our
prayer,

And you walked with our own people hand in hand,
By day beside the seashore and by night beneath the
palms,

And we learned to love you and to understand.

A spirit kindred to your own, at Vailima* found rest,
Samoa's people wet his grave with tears,
And to his shrine make pilgrimage, although his pen's
been stilled

And he's been sleeping through a score of years.
Samoa claimed him as her own, and so would we claim
you

On whom the Master's mantle surely fell;
Oh, won't you come back quickly to Hawaii's longing
arms,

Mid loving hearts forevermore to dwell!

* Vailima—The road of loving hands.

[NOTE.—The Associated Press news service to the Honolulu daily papers brought word, November 22d, 1916, of the unexpected death of Jack London at his California ranch, Glen Ellen, the day previous. The press, running this edition of Trade Wind Lyrics, was stopped to allow the insertion of this note.]

KEALOHA.

Let's go *holoholo* Kealoha, there's music and there's
magic in the air;
And bring along your little *ukulele*, for never has there
been a night so fair!
We do not know exactly where we're going, we'll sing
together as we walk along:
“*Honi Kua Wikiwiki*” or the “When You Wore a Yellow
Tulip” song.

The moon is glinting bright upon the palm-fronds, there's
a net of magic shadows on the grass;
The low-swung stars seem just like friendly neighbors,
which light the path o'er which we have to pass.
There's no one on the road but just us, sweetheart; for
once we own the earth and air and sky,
And the strumming of your tiny *ukulele* seems to fill the
world as we go strolling by.

You won't be feeling lonesome, Kealoha; we've walked
this way a thousand, thousand years—
I don't suppose that you will quite remember the songs,
the laughs, the loving and the tears;
And yet you say that it is very funny, but you think that
you have walked with me before,
Just thrumming on your little *ukulele* and singing the
sweet melodies of yore.

It's getting kind of chilly, Kealoha; we've got a great big
bunch of ginger flowers;
Just one more kiss before we part, *huapala*; the night and
all its secrets, love, are ours.
Tomorrow we must tread the old grim footpath, for-
getting love and music, moon and song—
We'll be very proper persons, Kealoha, when day with all
its duties comes along.

A WET NIGHT.

It was a gusty night,
The moon blinked through the clouds,
And the pelting rain drove fitfully,
Drenching the theater crowds.

The bar-room's lurid glare
Was mirrored on the pave,
And the red and greens of a druggist's shop
Flushed the street with a color wave.

The hacks slushed up and down,
Churning a sea of mud—
It might have been a London night
On the hill of ancient Lud.

The theater crowds dispersed,
The garish lights went out,
And a poor thing in a doorway stood,
As wet as a sodden clout;

A poor, bedraggled thing
With paint upon her cheek,
Who furtively glanced up and down
A friendly face to seek.

It might have been the Strand,
When falls November's blight—
The chilling rain, the gusty wind,
The poor thing in the night.

One seemed to hear the roar
Of cities all the chief,
Although 'twas but the noisy tongues
Of surf upon the reef.

THE F-4.

(United States Submarine Lost Off Honolulu, March 25, 1915.)

Sunlight, blithe hearts, a banner
Blazoned with many a star ;
A low-sunk rover stealing
Over the harbor bar.

Work in the dumb, dark spaces
Shut from the common eye,
Where the dolphin iridises,
And the long, lean shark drifts by.

A sense of doom impending,
A frantic rush to save—
A crumpled hull in the sea-ooze,
A fifty-fathom grave.

A long, gray shape on the bottom
Where the coral forests lie ;
A ghostly form in a setting
Of lapis lazuli.

A film on the smiling surface,
Hopes that refuse to die ;
And woeful women weeping
Under the midnight sky.

Stars through the warden waters
Their radiance sending down,
And soft winds ever crooning
Of fadingless renown.

DAWN.

Panini cups are filled with dew,
The morning-glory's blooming,
The clouds are fleeing from the mountain-tops
Where all night they've been looming.
White poppies yield their petals pure
To the kiss of the wand'ring breeze,
The sun creeps up and the world's awake—
Such is dawn in the tropic seas.

CHINATOWN.

A thousand lights illumine the crowded pave,
Blanching the faces that the narrow sidewalks throng;
The sights—the sounds! it might be Foochow Road,
Or some street in Hongkong.

The Orient's spices mingle on the breeze
With scents unspeakable, filched from the swelt'ring
East;
Of ties that bind the exile to his home,
These nowise are the least.

Quaint carvings deck the windows by the road,
Rare wares, that tell a tale of centuries ago,
Bespeak the notice of the passing crowd
Which hurries ever on.

Almost one sees the rickshaws on the streets—
Almost one sees the sing-song girls pass gaily by,
When the ear senses some shrill instrument,
Or a street-vendor's cry.

The cafes hold their throngs of silk-clad guests,
The soup-shops echo with the coolie's ribaldry,
And sometimes lanterns light the pilgrim's path
When the New Year is nigh.

The street-cars clang along a nearby street—
Great cars, with dazzling gleam, dash ever up and
down,
While curious ones seek tokens of Cathay
Amid a new world town.

The lights die out, the poppy's drowsy breath
Steals like a sick'ning blight o'er each deserted street,
And night keeps watch o'er an enchanted spot
Where past and future meet.

IN THE VALLEY.

Dawn in the valley; the sea-born breeze is roving
Up and down the hillsides, driving night's faint breath;
away;
Slowly ope the blossoms of the frail, mauve morning-
glory,
Loud the mynahs greet the coming day.

Noontide in the valley; in taro-patch and ricefield,
Weary workers 'neath the pendant sun from labors
cease;
The wind sleeps on the hillsides where the pale *kukuis*
fluttered—
E'en the chattering mynahs are at peace.

Nightfall in the valley; round the ginger flowers
Great moths circle phantomlike in ecstasy divine;
Through the moon-drenched bottom-lands it is good to
wander
And strange, sweet scents drown the brain like wine.

UNDER THE COCOANUT TREE.

Oh, 'tis pleasant to loaf when there's work to be done,
To lie back and dream in the afternoon sun,
Enjoying the peace that alone comes to one
Under the cocoanut tree.

The air is like wine, there's a lilt in the breeze
As it ruffles the fronds of the cocoanut trees,
Which wondrously blends with the hum of the bees,
Under the cocoanut tree.

Far away in the town with its chatter and din,
Forgotten life's littleness, rancor and sin;
The ragged blue mountains loom mystic and thin,
Under the cocoanut tree.

A rainbow is spreading its wealth at my feet,
Someone is singing a song strangely sweet;
Oh, the hours are golden, the hours are fleet!
Under the cocoanut tree.

Falls the twilight, the night bird flies out to the west,
Great moths, of the star-flowers' nectar in quest,
Flit fairylike through my dear garden of rest,
Under the cocoanut tree.

THE MAGIC MUSIC.

The merry old guitar goes tinkety-tunk beneath the great
low-sailing moon—

There's a lilt in its tune from which none is immune and
someone will start dancing soon ;

Not the dance that we knew in dear old County Down
when the fiddler played half through the night,

And each dainty colleen was a worshipful queen and each
lad was a frolicsome wight ;

Just a dance of the land where the cocoa-palms bow to the
breeze by the glistening shore,

By sweet Kealoha, bad luck pass her o'er and visit her
grass-hut no more ;

A dance and a cup and a kiss, maybe two ; oh, Kirkubbin
is oceans away,

But Michael McChree fiddles over the sea, and faith, but
his music is gay !

And I dream 'neath the shade of the cocoanut-trees with
the moon whimsies filtering through,

That I'm back from the palms to a Kirkubbin farm and a
colleen whose eyes are true blue ;

And Michael McChree in his fiddlesome glee is scraping
away like a slave,

And the sun waxes high and the dancers trip by—old
friends long since gone to the grave.

And then the old guitar goes tinkety-tunk and I wake
from my dream with a start,

And a sibilant note from a brown, swelling throat finds
response from the strings of my heart ;

Old Mike and his fiddle have passed to their rest but some-
times their magic seems near,

And torments me back o'er the homeward-bound track to
the place that I once held so dear.

THE WAY OF SUMMER.

Oh, the lazy way of summer is a mighty lazy way !
It makes you feel like loafing and not working all the day ;
The air and sky are tempters, and the cool road and the
breeze
Set you longing for the lark's song and the humming of
the bees.

The lazy way of summer is a mighty pleasant way,
It leads o'er scented moorlands and across a smiling bay ;
It whispers of green forests and of freedom on the sea,
And it charms your footsteps to it, wherever you may be.

The lazy way of summer hints of joy beyond belief,
Of moonlight-deluged valleys and of surf upon the reef—
Of violets on a mountainside, of sunset's golden calm,
Of music, mirth and maidens beneath a drowsing palm.

The lazy way of summer holds us helpless in its spell,
The great outdoors seems heaven and the halls of com-
merce hell ;
The world's a waste of blossoms, all of nature is in tune
To the praise of Maytime's graces and of rainbow-
vestured June.

SIGNS.

The 'plaint of the waves on the barrier coral,
White sails a-glint in the smiling bay,
The trade-wind sighing among the palm fronds—
These are true signs of Hawaii *nei*.

The scent of an unseen, midnight flower,
The painted West at the close of day,
A haunting song in the flooding moonlight—
Tokens are these of Hawaii *nei*.

IN THE GARDEN.

In the cool of the evening when the low, sweet whispers
 waken,
 When the lily's scent hangs heavy and the mango's
 leaves are still,
It is pleasant in the garden where the llang-llang's cen-
 sers, shaken,
 Have spread a subtle fragrance which the dream hours
 seem to fill.

The sunset wind roamed fresh and free among the *melia*
 flowers,
 And rustled all the canna stems and bent the mountain
 fern,
But now a strange peace broodeth and all the starlit
 hours
 Seem bursting with a fulness which will flee at day's
 return.

In the cool of the evening when the sky is scarred and
 olden,
 And the day, though passed, remembered and loved
 with sorrow still,
In the borders of the garden there are sacred hours and
 golden,
 And all life's lesson lies unspread, that he may read
 who will.

VACATION TIME.

There's no one at work in the office, there's no one you
know on the street,
And unless you keep busy with drinks that are fizzy, you
suffer like hell from the heat,
Bill and Jim are away in the mountains, Fred and Flo are
a-dream by the sea,
And you try not to shirk but the specter of work gibes and
gibbers with devilish glee.

Oh, the mountains are mystic and hazy, blue haze like the
smoke of your pipe—
They look so inviting, the time that you're writing, when
you stop your wet brow to wipe;
And out of another dull window, as you pore o'er the
ledger's lined leaf,
You gaze on the charm of the cocoanut palm and the
shimmering surf on the reef.

The ginger's a-bloom by the roadside, the bracken is frag-
rant and cool,
The gray dove flies strong the rice-field along, the bass
are a-feed in the pool.
The trade-wind designedly whispers, and the sea and the
earth and the sky
Plot to woo one away from routine's tyrant sway—and
you don't do much work in July.

LITTLE BROWN MAID.

What are you dreaming of, little brown maid,
As you stand with your face to the west?
Don't you feel lonely and aren't you afraid,
So far from the land you love best?
Where you are going to, eyes will be blue
And skins just as fair as the day,
But hearts will beat staunchly and lips speak as true
As they did down by Hilo's bright bay.

Wonders are waiting you, little brown maid,
In the city you're going to see—
There will be marvelous beauties displayed
For you, and—well, maybe for me:
Myriad mansions like palaces grand,
Houses that reach to the sky—
All the fine things of a magical land,
Everything money can buy.

How you will love it all, little brown maid!
Days will pass just like a dream—
And yet, when a week in that city you've stayed,
Tears from your soft eyes will stream,
For your thoughts will fly back to a cocoanut grove,
And when soft falls the pitying rain,
You'll long for the breath of the *hala* you love,
And you'll wish you were back home again.

THE LADY OF THE TWILIGHT.

The lady of the twilight, she sitteth all alone
In a place that was her palace in the rose-hued years
 agone ;
Her dusky locks are round her, before her eyes the mist
Of weary years of sadness, dimming their amethyst.

The budding stars are rivaled by my lady's beauty rare,
And sweeter is her presence than the jasmine in her hair ;
The bowing palms watch o'er her, and, when the shadows
 fall,
For her to walk among them, the stately peacocks call.

The lady of the twilight looks on the valley haze,
And it seems to shroud the romance of years of love-lit
 days ;
Maybe that she repineth, maybe that she repents
And broken-hearted prayeth that Nemesis relents.

Unceasingly she sigheth and love's wonder floods her eyes
As she gazes wistful o'er the sea into the sunset skies,
And all her deep soul's passion, and all its hope and fear
Well out, a shattered secret, reflected in a tear.

Dear lady of the twilight, so weak, yet very strong,
Forgive the empty kisses, the word that did you wrong ;
And, 'mid the joys we treasure, the love we call our own,
In hearts that still beat for you, your mem'ry we'll
 enthrone.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Diamond dawns and stained glass sunsets,
Moon-stars a-bend from a violet sky,
Beach fires' smoke and a song at twilight,
Yesterday's mem'ries—and you and I.

A kindly clime and a kindly people,
And ours the bidding to work or play—
The nights for love and the days for laughter,
And roses growing along the way.

A fadeless past and a hopeless future,
A present the world's wealth could not buy,
Fragrant and fraught with a rare nepenthe
For such bruised beings as you and I.

Faces that taunt and voices that torment,
And never surcease from their haunting' spell;
A hut 'neath the palms and a grave by the sea-shore—
A month of heaven, a year of hell.

TROPIC MORNING.

There's a pearly mist o'er the sleeping sea,
There's a flush in the eastern sky,
And harbor-bound, like azure ghosts
The sampan fleet steals by.
Naught save the sand-crabs stirs the beach,
And silence like a dream,
Born of the night, is only broke
By the homing heron's scream.

There's a laugh on the face of the wakened sea,
There are fingers of gold in the sky,
And laden with nets, to the fishing-grounds
The sleek canoes glide by.
Brown children play in the gleaming sand
And down the beach, like pyres,
Give to the breeze their woody smoke,
The frond-fanned breakfast fires.

PILIKIA.

There's a word you often hear—

Pilikia.

It bobs up most everywhere—

Pilikia.

The native knows it well,

The *pake* its use can tell,

And the Jap, when things aren't well,

Says "*Pilikia!*"

If the pig has gone astray,

It's *pilikia*.

If unlucky goes the day,

It's *pilikia*.

Should the father lose his job,

Or the child with toothache sob,

Or a thief the henroost rob,

It's *pilikia!*

The trouble's only brief

In *pilikia*.

Just a present, poignant grief

Is *pilikia*;

And the old Hawaiians say,

In a careless kind of way,

It's the same as night to day,

Is *pilikia*.

As the fleeting summer rain

Is *pilikia*,

And it breathes "Regrets are vain,"

Does *pilikia*;

The thing is o'er and done,

Dry your tears and have some fun,

Bright will rise tomorrow's sun—

Pau pilikia.

THE MULLET FISHER.

All day he sits upon the old brown pier,
Unheedful of the throngs that come and go ;
His eyes glued on a bobbing wooden spear,
Watchful for signal of a fish below.

The liner and the transport pass him by,
And bright blue sampans from the fishing-grounds,
Claiming the scant attention of his eye—
His ear is shut to all the harbor sounds.

The whistles blow, the sun draws to the West,
To the lone sky is born the evening star ;
Then the brown fisher from his task takes rest
And seeks the streets where lights and laughter are.

Tomorrow's morn will see him back again,
Fishing and dreaming through another day,
Nor taking seeming reck of efforts vain—
Content to tread his own peculiar way.

SUNDOWN.

Wearing on to sundown, the day is nearly over,
On the hills the shadow deeper grows,
Birds have sought the tree-tops, the bees have left the
clover,
Moths their tryst are keeping with the rose.

Wearing on to sundown ; the vesper bell is ringing,
At its sound care's phantom legions flee ;
Far away the children at their play are singing
Sweetly some quaint old-time melody.

Wearing on to sundown ; draws night's shadow nearer,
One by one day's voices fade and cease,
Glorious was the dawning, but the night is fairer,
To a weary world that longs for peace.

THE WIND IN THE PALMS.

The trade-wind sighed in the palm-tops,
Sibilant, sweet and low,
A song of a nation's glory
Faded to afterglow—
A requiem of lost splendors
Passing all new belief—
Of a throne and a flag dust-trodden,
Of a prideful people's grief.

The trade-wind droned in the palm-tops,
Glinting beneath the moon,
A melody of enchantment,
Soft as the breakers' croon.
It sang of an easeful present,
Lilting in lang'rous kind,
Of rainbow-vestured Pleasure
With mem'ry's wreaths entwined.

The trade-wind sang in the palm-tops
Songs that the Sleepers woke:
A psalm of predestined greatness,
A paeon of deeds unspoke.
It chanted of ceaseless striving,
Of guerdon to come at last—
Of a future of grace and goodness
Undreamed of in the past.

The trade-wind hymned in the palm-tops,
Under a tropic sky,
Of a little nation molded
In a great one's entity;
Of a resurrected people,
Blending in one great head
The virtues of all the living
With the merits of the dead.

L'ENVOI.

*The palms are lost, the mountains melt to haze,
The sun goes gliding down the Western way,
The Isles we loved—the home of perfect days,
Are one bright yesterday.*

*And we, though roving East or wand'ring West,
When sunset bids bestir the cool night breeze,
Shall dream of scented nights and lang'rous rest
Over the violet seas.*

*Some day, O happy Isles! again we'll fare,
As fare the birds in springtime o'er the sea,
Back to that land of other lands most rare—
Back to thy charms and thee.*

GLOSSARY

(Hawaiian)

Aloha—Love; affection; gratitude; kindness; pity; compassion; salutation at meeting and parting.

Aloha oe—Love to you.

Auwe ke aloha e!—An expression of affectionate emotion.

Haleakala—House of the sun; name of extinct crater on East Maui.

Haole—A white man.

Hala—The pandanus tree.

Hau—A tree of the hibiscus family.

Holoholo—To go for a walk.

Honi kaua wikiwiki!—Let's kiss each other quickly!

Huapala—Sweetheart.

Ilima—The national flower of Hawaii, yellow in color.

Kahului—A seaport of Maui.

Kamehameha—Kamehameha I, conqueror of the Hawaiian Islands, born in Kohala, Hawaii, 1736.

Kamani—A shade tree, also known as the Demerara almond.

Kawa (Samoa)—A beverage.

Kiawe—The algaroba tree.

Kona—A district of Hawaii.

Kona—A southwesterly storm.

Koolau—A district of Oahu.

Kukui—The candle-nut tree.

Kuliouou—A place about 10 miles from Honolulu.

Lahaina—A seaport of Maui, and once capital of the Islands.

Lanai—A verandah.

Lauhala—The pandanus tree.

Leahi—Diamond Head, a promontory near Honolulu.

Lehua—A favorite native flower particularly plentiful on Hawaii.

Lei—A wreath.

Loulu papale—A hat made from the leaves of a native palm.

Maile—A fragrant vine.

Mele—A song.

Melia—The blossom of the plumeria tree.

Mokihana—A plant with highly-scented seed pods.

Nei—The present place.

Nipa (Philippines)—A native palm used for thatching purposes.

Ohae—A flowering tree.

Ohia—The mountain-apple tree.

Pake—A Chinaman.

Pali—A precipice.

Pali—A famous viewpoint near Honolulu.

Panini—The prickly pear.

Pau—Finished.

Pele—The fabled goddess of volcanoes.

Pilikia—Trouble.

Ukulele—A small stringed instrument.

Waikiki—A famous beach near Honolulu.

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